

The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO

A STRANGER IN THE TOWN.

There's a fellow come to our house,
An' I guess he's come to stay.
'Cause he took up board and lodgin'
An' he doesn't go away.
Seems to think he has a mortgage
On the children an' the best.
Ain't content unless he's gittin'
More attention than the rest.
He's a mighty spunky fellow,
An' has met a fearful few.
But his smile is sweet as 'sugar—
He's a stranger in the town.

'Twas a dark an' stormy evenin',
With the snow upon the ground
And the wind a howlin' stirrin'
When this stranger came around.
An' it made a big sensation
Among the neighbors when they heard
We had taken in a boarder.
An' a scene like this occurred:
Mrs. Jones ran 'cross the alley
Just to say to Mrs. Brown:
'Have you heard the news, Matilda?
There's a stranger in our town!'

He's a fat an' funny fellow,
But his face is sort o' red,
An' his mouth is entirely toothless—
Not a hair upon his head.
On his eyes are bright as diamonds,
Yet no glasses does he wear.
An' his face is free from wrinkles
As his head is free from hair.
So the girls from Hopkin's corners,
When they happen to come down,
Say: 'He's just too mortal charmin'—
He's the nicest chap in town!'

Well, he's been a boarder here now
Since the January past,
An' he's formed a friendship with us
That I'm sure I'll last.
Though he has his faults and failings
An' he never pays a cent,
Yet I think we'd raise objections
If he were a plaything of him—
He is enter the town a clown—
An' he's just the sweetest baby
That has ever come to town!

—S. Q. Lapins, in Ohio Farmer.

MR. & MRS. BOWSER



MRS. BOWSER, solemnly began Mr. Bowser, as he came home to dinner the other evening, "what did I say to you when I left the house this morning?"

"You said it looked like rain," she answered.

"I said it would rain before night, and it has. I'm wet to the hide."

"That's too bad."

"Too bad! and whose fault is it? My mind was occupied with business affairs, and you knew it was, and yet you saw me walk off without an umbrella. Mrs. Bowser, I—"

"Why, you took your umbrella along," she interrupted.

"Never."

"Of course you did! Don't you remember of dropping it at the gate? You walked right out of the office and left it there."

"I did, eh? Why don't you call me a first-class idiot and be done with it?"

"You must have done so, for you surely carried it away with you."

"That's exactly what he did do, and he knew he did, but he squirmed out of it by offering to bet her a million dollars to a cent that the front door had been left wide open all the afternoon and that a hail thief had carried off half the stuff downstairs."

One morning there was a smell of gas down cellar, and Mr. Bowser went down to see if he could discover a leak. He put on an old hat kept for "poking around," and when he left the house he wore it away. It was rusty and spotted and broken, and it was only when the boys down town began to "shoot that hat" that he tumbled to it. Then he flew back home with his eyes hanging out and his face of a plum color, and he was no sooner inside the door than he shouted:

"Look at it, Mrs. Bowser—look at that infernal old junk-shop which you deliberately saw me wear away on my head and never said a word about it!"

"Did you wear that hat down town?"

"Did I! Did I!" he shouted as he banged it on the floor and jumped on it.

"But I didn't see you go. I was upstairs when you went, Mr. Bowser. You are very absent-minded."

"I am, eh? It's a wonder that I don't forget to come home, isn't it! Mrs. Bowser, if there is another house in



the United States as badly managed as this I'd like to see it!"

"But can you blame me because you wore your old hat away?" she protested.

"That's it—that's it! Shoulder it off on me! The papers talk about the startling number of divorces. It's a wonder to me there are not five times as many!"

One day Mr. Bowser brought home a

patent corkscrew, which some fellow had sold him, and Mrs. Bowser saw him drop it into a wall-pocket. A week later, after wandering around the house for half an hour one evening, he halted before her and said:

"I'll be hanged if I don't get some chains and padlocks and see if I can't have things left where I put them!"

"What is it now?"

"I brought home a can-opener a few days ago and left it on a bracket in the dining-room. It's gone, of course—probably given away to some big, lazy tramp! It's a wonder we have a thing left in this house!"

"A can-opener?"

"Yes, a can-opener. If you never heard of a can-opener I'll hire some one to write you out a history of it. It was invented to open cans."

"Why, we have two or three in the kitchen. Do you mean a can-opener?"

"I don't mean windmills or thrashing machines."

"You had it in a pink paper?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was the day the man fixed the gate?"

"It was."

"Well, I saw you drop it in that wall-pocket, and it is a corkscrew and not a can-opener."

"It is, eh? Perhaps I don't know a hitching-post from the city hall," he growled as he reached for the parcel and unrolled it. It was a corkscrew. It could only be used as a corkscrew. It was made and sold for a corkscrew.

"Didn't I tell you?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Tell me what! Told me it was a corkscrew, and it's a can-opener, just as I said it was!"

"It's a corkscrew!"

"It's a can-opener!"

And as long as Mr. Bowser draws the breath of life he will stick to it, because he said so in the first place.

Like other husbands Mr. Bowser is greatly worried over the safety of his wallet when around the house. He has an idea that Mrs. Bowser would give ten years of her life to get that wallet in her hands for about two minutes, and that she lies awake a good share of every night in the year wondering where he hid it when he went to bed. He makes it a religious duty to conceal it every night and to count his funds the first thing in the morning. One morning, strange as it may seem, he left the house without taking over his wallet, which he had hidden the night before under the bureau. He had been gone about an hour when there was a great clatter on the front steps, the door flew open, and he rushed into the back parlor and stood before Mrs. Bowser.

She was so upset that she could only faintly gasp:

"Mr. Bowser, is mother dead?"

"Mother dead?" he yelled in reply. "What do I know about your mother? Mrs. Bowser, I've been robbed."

"No!"

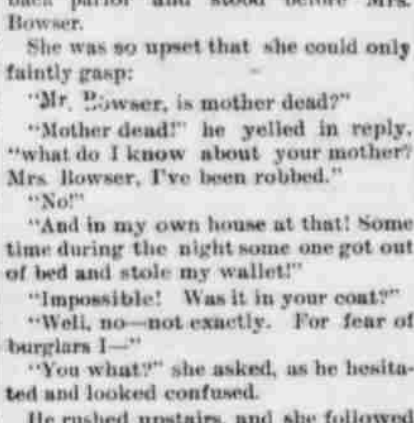
"And in my own house at that! Some time during the night some one got out of bed and stole my wallet!"

"Impossible! Was it in your coat?"

"Well, no—not exactly. For fear of burglars I—"

"You what?" she asked, as he hesitated and looked confused.

He rushed upstairs, and she followed



"IT'S A CAN-OPENER!"

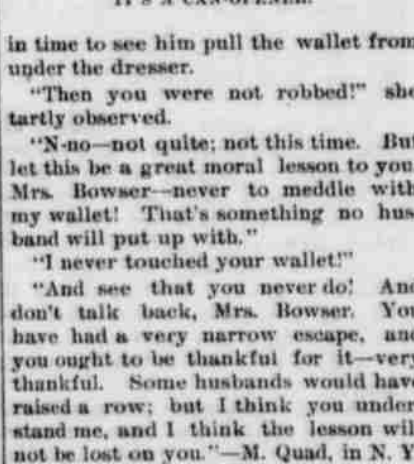
In time to see him pull the wallet from under the dresser.

"Then you were not robbed!" she tartly observed.

"N-no—not quite; not this time. But let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser—never to meddle with my wallet! That's something no husband will put up with."

"I never touched your wallet!"

"And see that you never do! And don't talk back, Mrs. Bowser. You have had a very narrow escape, and you ought to be thankful for it—very thankful. Some husbands would have raised a row; but I think you understand me, and I think the lesson will not be lost on you."—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.



A certain storekeeper in Richmond, Ind., with some knowledge of electricity and considerable ingenuity in getting up window attractions, recently constructed an electrical fly catcher that is unique. It consists of a small induction coil, giving about a quarter-inch spark, with a couple of cells of battery and a series of fine wires strung on a board, very much as in the musical instrument called the zither. Each alternate wire is connected to a terminal of the coil, and the sliding regulator so adjusted that the spark will not strike across between wires until an unlucky fly alights on one wire, when the projecting body receives a spark, and the victim takes a header between the wires and leaves the field clear for the next comer.

—Lieut. Carnot, son of the French president, has made his debut as a military writer. His work is entitled: "The Flag of the Twenty-seventh Regiment," and is a thorough resume of the Twenty-seventh's deeds at Hohenlinden, Jena, Sebastopol and other battlefields from a technical point of view.

CHICAGO'S SOLDIER BOYS.

They Are Popular with All Classes of Law-Loving Citizens.

The Elegant New Armory of the First Regiment, I. N. G.—A Grand Building to Be Erected by the Labor Union of the City of Chicago.

(Special Chicago Letter.)

Perhaps no other military organization in the west enjoys such an excellent reputation as the First regiment, Illinois national guard. It is officered by men trained in military tactics and composed of young men who are proud to serve their state.

The rock on which most militia organizations go to pieces is the opinion entertained by most people that they are organized for the purpose of affording a "high time" to a crowd of young men fond of play and dissipation. In some



COL. CHARLES E. KOCH.

places this opinion may be founded on fact, but as far as the two Chicago regiments are concerned it does not hold good.

A large city needs military protection. The police force, while able to take care of an ordinary riot, could not quell a disturbance covering an area of nine or ten square miles. During the exciting strikes at the Chicago stock yards a few years ago the clubswingers proved incapable of handling the thousands of excited men whose leaders clamored for deeds of violence, and not until the First and Second regiments of the national guard were patrolling the streets did property owners in the vicinity of the yards and slaughter-houses feel safe. It is hard to tell what might have happened had the military refused to put in an appearance. Their presence cowed the leaders of the mob and cooled their thirst for blood. It saved property valued at millions of dollars and taught the lawless elements of a rough district that the laws of the land must be obeyed.

The American people, while opposed on principle to military and police rule, appreciate disinterested service in case of need, and that is probably the reason why military companies are held in high esteem wherever their services have been called into requisition and frowned upon wherever their duties have been confined to the drill room and parade grounds. It should not be forgotten, however, that there is not an instance on record where militiamen have refused to turn out when commanded to do so by the governor; and until they do show the white feather those who have never served actively are entitled to as much credit as those wearing the scars of a veteran.

Chicago's business men have never failed to respond generously to the appeals for financial aid issued from time to time by the officers of the two militia regiments stationed in the city; and to this gratifying liberality is due, in a large measure at least, the erection of the elegant armory of which the First regiment has just taken possession. This building is unquestionably the finest regimental headquarters in the United States. Its appointments are excellent and its interior arrangements as perfect as experience can make them.

The main floor, whose full area is 164 by 172 feet, will serve as a drill room, and has been made the finest dancing floor in the city. On the second floor is a banquet hall and reception and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen. Each reception room is thirty feet square, all



NEW ARMORY OF THE FIRST.

the floors being finished in hard wood, oak and Georgia pine in strips. Each company has a club room, many of them being furnished luxuriously and tastefully at an expense ranging from \$1,500 to \$5,000. Including the furniture and decorations, the armory represents an investment of \$200,000. The entire building is brilliantly lighted by electricity and on the opening night presented a spectacle the like of which has probably never been witnessed in a regimental armory.

Col. Charles E. Koch, who commands the regiment, is a man of fine presence. The First is his hobby, and whatever he can do to promote its interests or increase its efficacy is done, no matter what sacrifice it may require. He is favorably known in military circles all over the country. Lieut. Col. Turner and the other staff officers have made their influence felt at a number of military gatherings and encampments and spread the reputation of the gallant First far and wide.

At present the regiment consists of seven hundred men, thoroughly uniformed and equipped, and a Gatling gun section whose proficiency has attracted considerable attention. The company commanders are, without ex-

ception, popular and in thorough sympathy with their commands as well as with their superiors, a circumstance to which is due the esprit de corps that has carried the regiment through many critical periods. Attached to the regiment is a veteran corps composed of officers and men who have served the term of their enlistment and still wish to retain some connection with their comrades. A cadet corps, to be composed of boys, is about to be organized for the purpose of supplying recruits who will be able to take a place in the ranks immediately after reaching the age essential to enlistment in the national guard.

Not only Chicago, but the entire state of Illinois, is proud of its crack military organization whose work has received the unqualified approval of the principal officers of the regular army and the commanders of the militia troops of other states, and whose members have won prizes at most of the military encampments in which they have taken part. Hence the fact that the First has taken possession of a new home is a matter of national interest and universal congratulation.

Another new Chicago building which the country at large is more or less interested in is the proposed labor temple, a cut of which, made from the architect's plans, accompanies this article. The labor unions are a great power in the affairs of this city, but unfortunately for their interests, their leaders have never worked together in harmony. In this way their strength was scattered and instead of enjoying the respect of the community it has frequently happened that they were made subjects of sneers and ridicule. Progressive leaders realized that united effort would be necessary to show the real power of organized labor and they met not very long ago to discuss the feasibility of erecting a sky-scraping building to be known as the "labor temple."

The idea was favorably received by representative members of the United Carpenters' council, the Lumber Vessel Unloaders' union, the Coopers' union, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners. The originators of the plan, encouraged by the sympathy of these men, at once made arrangements with the Building and Improvement corporation of Illinois to take charge of the issuance of stock. As soon as \$200,000 has been subscribed, a lot will be purchased and building operations begun. The promoters hope to



PROPOSED LABOR TEMPLE.

have the structure ready for occupancy when the world's labor congress assembles in Chicago in 1903.

The temple is intended to cover about 100 by 125 feet of ground. It will be ten stories high, with an additional two stories in the central portion. It will cost \$300,000 not including the lot for which the projectors expect to pay \$200,000. The building will be absolutely fireproof and supplied with all modern improvements, such as hydraulic elevators, electric lights, steam heat and the highest grade of sanitary plumbing. The basement will be used for a restaurant, the first floor for stores and the office of a working-men's hotel which will be conducted under the supervision of the labor societies. On the second floor the main hall and auditorium will be located, seating 3,000 persons. In the other stories there will be a series of assembly rooms suitable for the general offices of the various labor organizations, and a library and reading rooms. The balance of the structure will be used for the accommodation of the guests of the hotel.

Inasmuch as nearly \$100,000 of the capital stock has already been subscribed the purchase of a suitable site will be discussed at once. The shares have been placed at \$10 each, 50 cents on each share being payable at the time of subscription, the balance in monthly installments of \$1 on each share.

Should the workingmen of Chicago succeed in carrying this enterprise to a successful end, labor unions in other cities will take up the idea and before another decade passes we may see labor temples erected in every city in the union. Aside from affording the various organizations a cozy home amid congenial surroundings, these structures will have a tendency to unite the followers of various trades who are now frequently found to be opposing each other. Strong and conservative labor unions have already accomplished much good; and this influence will be heightened still more when their membership shall have a direct financial interest in maintaining purity in municipal government. When that time comes the professional agitator will be supplanted by the safe, thoughtful leader who knows that a strike should be the last, instead of the first, resource in a struggle between capital and labor.

G. W. WEIPFERT.

The Detective "Skeeter."
"The ghost that has been haunting that old Jersey mansion is a fraud."
"How do you know?"
"The last time he appeared, he spent half his time slapping at mosquitoes."—Pack.

A RARE TYPE OF WOMAN.

The One That Does Not Frizz Her Hair or Wear Bangs.

Occasionally there is to be met a woman with fair, fresh complexion, in a neat but unobtrusive gown, fastidiously booted and gloved. Wherever she may be she has a look as if dust would never cling to her garments nor soot settle down in a greasy smudge upon her nose. Her movements are gentle and deliberate. She is not nervous or fussy and never catches her apron strings in chairs or door knobs, but goes her way imparting peace to the restless and courage to the weak. The most striking thing about her, and the most beautiful, is that she has never "banged" her hair, and she does not frizz. Her smooth, white forehead is not shaded by a shaggy mane which stands out like that of the subject under the galvanic battery, or falls in stringy locks on damp days. She does not have to hunt through the milliner's stock for just that sort of a hat that will hide her crimps in the cocoon stage, or carry about in her pockets an assortment of vials to wear when it rains or when there is a fog.

When she makes her toilet she does not keep the family waiting while she heats the curling iron, singeing and scorching her hair in her haste to finish the unpleasant job. She saves in omitting the frizzing nuisance, less than half an hour daily, and half an hour in three hundred and sixty-five days amounts to time enough for the beginning and completion of some work that would be worth doing.

But these are merely incidental considerations. The woman who does not frizz is a type of herself—and one of the best. She may not be very skillful at progressive enche, or interesting in such chit chat as is dispensed with five o'clock tea. But she is very apt to have ideas and executive ability which gives her ideas a practical value, and when in society, as she frequently is, exerts an influence marked and peculiarly her own.

The woman who does not frizz is a capable person. She is largely represented in the territories, where she has pre-empted a quarter section and obtained a clear title to it by conforming to the law. Nearer home she sometimes takes the reins into her own hands, after the husband dies or is disabled and makes farming pay. Her crops are put in promptly and harvested without delay, and she has a knack of always getting for her wheat the highest market price.

Frequently she marries the minister, and then she teaches a Bible class and can talk intelligently about the Holy Land, speaks when necessary in prayer-meeting, presides over the aid society, and maps out all the mission work.

Or she teaches school, and when she does this she is apt to be a principal, or a high school teacher, or to have the model kindergarten, and all the children like her and all the other teachers look up to her for counsel and example.

She is also interested in reforms of all kinds, and sits on the platform, well to the front, in national conventions of charities, or prison reform, or humane society conventions, and presents resolutions and submits reports that are unanimously approved. She goes about privately upon charitable work of her own—in the performance of good deeds of which the world is never informed. But sick children in city tenement houses know her, and outcast women whom she helps to a better life, the poor and the unfortunate whom she plies without patronizing and assists without ostentation. She belongs in the list of many lovely, old-fashioned things that will never lose their sweetness and beauty—clove pinks, hundred-leaf roses, Irish melodies and lovers' songs.

She makes an ideal friend, a satisfactory wife, and an unsurpassable grandmother.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PAT'S BLUNDER.

He Mistook One of Uncle Sam's Mail Wagons for a Circus Cage.

The other day one of the cross streets up town was practically closed while workmen were busily engaged in paving the crossing. No sign was up, but every vehicle that came that way was warned back. Presently a gayly painted box on wheels, with a driver perched high up in front, came rattling down the road.

"Yees can't coom through here!" shouted a brawny Irishman, flourishing his arms.

"Ah, go way there, Patsy!" called out the driver good naturedly, without stopping his horses.

"Shtop, I till yeek; shtop now!" Pat grabbed the horses by the bit and jerked them back so vigorously that the astonished driver nearly fell off his seat.

"Hold on there, now," cried an inspector, running up at that moment. "Let that team pass. Let go there! Don't you see, you blanked old fool, that it's the U. S. mail?"

Quite a crowd had collected by this time, and Pat looked around rather foolishly as the wagon drove on.

"Oh, it's the U. S. mail, is it? Bedad, I couldn't make out those leathers on her. I thought it wor a show wagon!"

"Yes," said the inspector, "it's the U. S. mail, and they could send you to the penitentiary for stopping it on the highway."

"No," said Pat, his innocent eyes opening widely, "sind a man to jail fur—fur gist shoppin' a wagon—to ask the time o'day? Begorrah, now, I'd a better stay'd in Orland, maybe."

And Pat settled down to his work again, but shaking his head solemnly now and then and wearing a troubled look.—N. Y. Herald.

The Old Man's Understanding.
"You don't understand me, sir," expostulated Algernon to his best girl's papa at 11 g. m.

"And yet," mused the old gentleman in a soft, and reflective tone of voice, "I have a large understanding," and he applied it to the young man with such dynamic emphasis that Algernon didn't touch the ground from the door step to the front gate, a distance of some eight feet six and three-quarter inches in an air line.—Detroit Free Press.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Tie a piece of stale bread in a white muslin cloth and drop it into the pot with your boiling cabbage; it will absorb all the offensive smell.

—The skin of a boiled egg is the best remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and relieves soreness.

—To keep nickel silver ornaments and mounts bright rub them with woolen cloths that have been saturated in spirits of ammonia.—Detroit Free Press.

—For soft corns dip a piece of linen cloth in turpentine and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is situated every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain or soreness, and the corn will disappear after a few days.

—The fashion of dressing up mantelpieces is now entirely out of date. The mantel shelf should be pretty enough in itself to require no dressing of this kind. If it be so old or discolored that it needs to be hidden, give it a coat of paint.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Muffins.—One egg, half cup butter and lard mixed, melted and poured into one pint sweet milk, three tablespoons baking powder sifted with enough flour to make a stiff batter; beat hard and bake in gem pans. They are excellent made of graham flour.—Old Homestead.

—Pie With One Crust.—To one pint of apple sauce, strained through a colander, add the well beaten yolks of three eggs, four tablespoons of sugar and a teaspoonful of whipped cream. Bake in one crust and when done add a meringue made of the white of the eggs.—Boston Globe.

—Large squares of white or cream linen, embroidered with cross-stitch, are employed to form the centers of quilts, covers for chest of drawers, chair backs, etc. They are to be united and bordered with crochet insertions and edgings, and are decorated with a central sprig, or an all-over design, in red and blue cotton.—N. Y. World.

—A remedy for Roaches.—Take three pounds of oatmeal, or meal of Indian corn, and mix it with a pound of white lead; moisten with treacle so as to form a good paste, and put a portion down at night in the infested building. Repeat for a few nights alternately, and in the morning remove the paste and the corpses to a convenient place.—National Presbyterian.

—Corn-Starch Cake.—One-half cup butter, scant, one cup sugar, two eggs (yolks), one teaspoonful extract almond, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, two tablespoons corn-starch, one teaspoon baking powder, whites of two eggs. Mix in the order given, mix corn-starch and baking powder with the flour. Bake in a shallow pan.—Boston Budget.

—Boiled Ham.—A large ham should be cooked five or six hours; one weighing twelve pounds four hours, boil it slowly in plenty of water, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar, one of brown sugar and a dozen cloves. When done take from the water, remove the skin, put in a dripper and cover with a board and weights. It should be cooked twenty-four hours before using in order to slice nicely if eaten cold.—Detroit Free Press.

—Pillau.—Wash two pounds of rice; boil it in a little water, with half a pound of butter, some salt, pepper, corn, cloves and mace. Keep the saucepan closely covered until the rice is sufficiently cooked; then have ready one and one-half pounds of bacon and two fowls nicely boiled; place the bacon in the middle of a dish and the fowls on each side; cover over with the boiled rice and garnish with hard-boiled eggs and fried whole onions.—Boston Herald.

THE GENUINE HOME.

Not Conducted Upon Rules Which Are Inflexible.

The keeping of a house in such a manner as to result in a genuine home is largely in considering housekeeping in its true relation as subservient to the household life. To consider that the household is made for the family and not the family for the household. The housekeeping that is so immaculate that comfort is sacrificed to order, that convenience is sacrificed to appearance, is by no means ideal, however fair may be its outward aspect. Order, punctuality, cleanliness, economy are virtues in the relative sense, and only as they are held adjustable are they strictly virtuous. The life is more than meat, and there may be considerations of enjoyment or of social duties that quite supersede a regulation that rivals that of the Medes and Persians in its unvarying character. In many households the family life would gain largely by considering breakfast as a movable feast, to be partaken of at the individual convenience of each member of the family, rather than to be appointed at a fixed hour, when all must, perforce, appear. Coffee and rolls served in one's room often enable one to write letters, or perform some needed task, impossible if a regular breakfast hour down-stairs must be observed. The French custom is gaining more and more in American households, and it is one to be welcomed. Adaptability and adjustability are the most desirable factors in housekeeping economy. The morning is usually the best time for any individual work. Then the hours are, as a rule, free from social demands, and the individual is in his best condition for writing, or for whatever employment he may be engaged in, if of a nature requiring solitude and thought. A margin of easy-going latitude in housekeeping life need interfere with no essential arrangement, and may at a world of comfort to individual living.—Boston Budget.

Every Man to His Trade.

Jinks (at a variety entertainment)—That fellow in front of us was about the only one who didn't applaud that good old song, "Don't Despise a Man Because He Wears a Ragged Coat." He must be a regular aristocrat, isn't he?

Blinks—Well, I dunno. Maybe he's a tailor.—Good News.